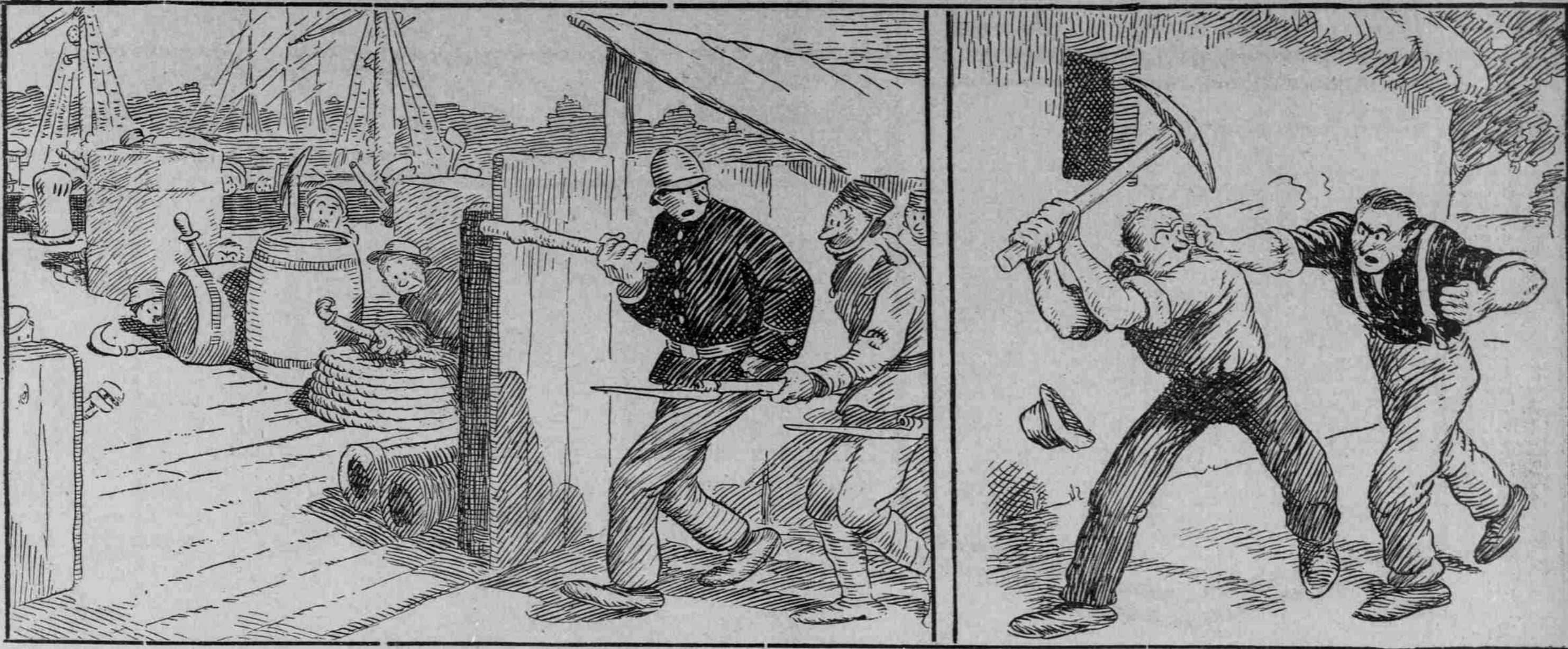


MR. DOOLEY ON THE MILITARY CAREER.

By Peter Finley Dunne.



"They were well armed an' munny iv thim were in th' shipyards, where it wud be almost impossible to attack thim without takin' a polisman along."

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I'm glad to see th' trouble in Ulster is over."

"What's happened?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"It's hard fr me to make out fr'm th' fragmentary reports iv th' correspondents," said Mr. Dooley. "But as far as I can see th' situation stands about like this: Th' army iv Ulster has won a splendid vickthry, but th' English army has not been disgraced. It has retreated with colors flyin', drums beatin' an' mawther its honor its buttons tarnished. Gin'ral Ed Carson, th' dauntless leader iv Ulster, magnanimously permitted th' officers to retain their side arms, dancin' programmes, tea caddies, an' enough marmalade to sustain thim until fresh supplies can be forwarded fr'm home. Gin'ral Carson is to be proclaimed king or impropr iv 44 per cent iv th' County iv Antrim, impropr iv 30 per cent iv th' County Down, an' protictor iv th' County Donegal, or such part thereof as needs his protiction. It was a gr-reat war, an' I'm glad th' war an' order has been restored in Ireland. Now ye may see some fightin'."

Tallicott's Department Delays.

"Arly in January th' King iv England ordered an immedjt attack on th' rebels under Gin'ral Carson. A council iv war was hurriedly called, consistin' iv Gin'ral Lord Guff, Gin'ral Lord Stuff, Gin'ral Lord Bluff, Gin'ral Lord Muff, an' Gin'ral th' Hon'rabl Percy Algernon Herbert Fluff. Owin' to th' unaccountable delay in th' tallicott's department th' uniforms were not completed until arly in March, whin intinse excitement was noticed at th' war office.

"Cabs dashed up an' dashed away, waiters rushed in an' out, an' all th' grim signs iv th' comin' conflict cud be observed. Inside th' oil structure, whin th' ten things had been cleared away, th' strategists gathered around th' board an' laid out th' plan iv campaign. After that ivinte followed in rapid succession. It was determined to reconnoiter th' inimly's position at wanst.

"A strong force under Gin'ral Fluff swooped down on a neighborin' news stand an', after a brief but fierce resistance, which did honor to both parties, procured copies iv all th' mornin' papers. These were hurried to th' council board, where atther a hasty examination iv th' racin' news th' gin'ral's command fr'm spies that Gin'ral Carson's forces numbered in th' neighborhood iv fr'm ten thousand to five hundred thousand picked men, most iv thim allicted fr'm th' latin stores iv Belfast, but includin' a gr-reat many who had seen acchal service under Lord Londonderry, aither mounted or as footmen.

"They were well armed with rifles, monkey wrenches, pick axes, pikes, hoespikes, bricks, nutmeg graters, an' religious convictions. They were entrenched behind counters or in butlers' pantries an' munny iv thim were in th' shipyards, where it wud be almost impossible to attack thim without takin' a polisman along.

Gin'ral Carson Is Guarded.

"Gin'ral Carson himself occupied a house in th' suburbs, where he was heavily guarded by a few zealous friends an' made occasional sorties in a cab fr lunch or dinner, but always took his breakfast at home, like th' or' campaigner he is.

"It was plain at wanst that it wud be worse thin folly to attempt to attack this dispart an' well armed organization.

"It is apparent to me that we have been outmanovered," said Gin'ral Guff. "It wud be a military crime to sacrifice a British army in such a rash enterprise," said Gin'ral Bluff.

"Carson is in a dispritt mood," said Gin'ral Muff.

"Hiven knows what he might do if pressed. He has had legal thrainin' an' he might get out an' injunction against us. I will not lead me gallant fellows against a possible concealed writ or some devilish contrivance like that. I've been in such an action before, in th' chancery courts, an' I know th' cost," he says.

"So it was determined to send Gin'ral Lord Guff over to see th' Secrety iv War an' discuss th' matter with him. Th' suprem chief iv th' army received him sternly an', after th' tea things had been cleared away, demanded to know why he had disobeyed orders, an' wud he give him a light?

"We have decided to discontinue this cruel, unnecessary war," says th' Gin'ral gruffly, puffin' a cigaret.

"Why?" says th' Secrety iv War angrily.

"Because," says th' Gin'ral, "in the first place th' inimy ar-re armed," says he.

"That is a reason that don't appeal to me at this distance," says th' Secrety iv War haughily.

"An' in th' second place," says th' he's robbin' is owned by a Republican.

"I don't make any further sacrifice iv blood an' treasure to put Ireland in th' hands iv people that keep Lent with so much bigotry that they'd soon destroy th' salmon fishin'," says he.

"Why didn't ye say that before?" says th' Secrety iv War.

"I had no idee that such a horrible catastrophe was starin' us in th' face," he says. An', embracin' th' Gin'ral an' plinnin' th' Victory cross on his chest, he sint him back with instructions fr th' army to beat a hasty retreat. An' they beat it.

"I don't blame English Gin'ral's fr wantin' to fight thim Ulster men. If I was an Englishman, which, thank goodness, I'm not, th' last inimy I'd pick out wud be thim tough fellows fr'm th' north. As foreigners I despise them, but as fellow countrymen an' inimies I hold thim in th' highest regard.

"Now that th' military has retired, if th' polis will kindly step aside, we'll resum th' argumint where it was left off whin th' English don't understand it, inthefore. Good mornin', Alexander; take that. How d'ye do, Michael, th' same to ye with this pick ax! We understand each other perfectly. So we must fight. Nawthin' leads to trouble so quick as a perfect under-standin'." Th' English don't understand us an' they always mess things up in Ireland. They are an' onreasonable an' slow actin' people, while we're reasonable an' impetuous.

"But whin sojers strike I don't know what's goin' to happen. Th' nex' thing ye know a polisman will refuse to catch a burglar because th' house he's robbin' is owned by a Republican.

Thin a fireman will come down th' ladder, throw th' hose on th' ground, an' say: 'Cap, I ain't goin' to squirt out that fire. I see a pitcher iv William Jennings Bryan on th' wall.' An' th' fireman will say: 'Ye done right, me boy. Sind th' comp'ny back to th' inline house.'

Gin'ral's Should Not Fight.

"Annyhow, I don't blame a Gin'ral fr not wantin' to fight. With a sojer it's different, but if I was a Gin'ral I'd divilve a fut cud they drive me into a war without they loaded a cannon behind me. If a statesman come to me an' said, 'Gin'ral Dooley, in order to square, mestif with me constituents in Kansas I must ast yet to grab th' ol' flag an' rush into a gory grave,' I'd say, 'No, thank ye kindly; I'd say, I'm comfortable here. It's a good job, th' quarters are to me likin', an' I'm told be th' fair that th' uniform is becomin'.'

"I have no hard feelin's at all again any foreign nations whatever. Th' foreigners I have met has been agreeable fellows. If ye feel badly about it, if ye're impetuous iv Patisyonyia is actin', if ye're impetuous blood is waitin' him. Whin it hatches him it aither puts him to wurruk at his old thrade at wan-fifth th' usual scale or taches him a new an' akely unpleasant occupation. A plumber who goes into th' Army to duck th' disgraceful pro-fession at five dollars a day finds he's waitin' jints in th' barracks fr wages that wud make th' walkin' dillygate have him shot at sunrise. Whin not drhillin' or writin' letters to th' pa-aper complainin' about th' food, he idles away his time in curryin' horses, shinglin' roofs, hoein' weeds in th' Colonel's garden, or wheelin' th' Major's baby in th' perambulator. Some day he does somethin' that if he done it before he become a hero th' most he cud get wud be a ten-days' vacation in th' bridewell. Th' court-martial takes into account all th' extenuatin' circumstances an' gives him two years at hard labor. Small blame to him if ye never hear him yellin' 'hooray' whin Andrew Carnegie goes an. No, sir; if I had lver been temptid be thim colored pitchers to enlist an' th' Gin'ral was to come to me an' say, 'Corporal—fr I'd be that or nawthin'—th' Government wishes ye to go out an' fight Hininny, ye'r best friend. Can ye rely on ye? I'd say, 'Hinny?' That little, disgraceful fellow? Why, I've wanted to shoot that man fr forty years. 'Thin I will lead ye to victory.' I don't care where ye lead me to. Only lead me away fr'm here."

"I see in th' pa-aper that if thim Gin'ral's were in Germany they'd be hang'd," said Mr. Hennessy.

"If thim Gin'ral's were in Germany they wudn't be Gin'ral's," said Mr. Dooley.

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A Thrifty Lover.

(Lippincott's.)

When she returned from her Summer vacation, she received him with an icy demeanor.

"I'm going to give you back your engagement ring," she said. "I love another."

"Will you give me his name and address?" he inquired, as he took the ring.

"His address!" she exclaimed, in surprise. "What are you going to do? Kill him?"

"No, indeed," was the reply. "I want to sell him this ring."

THE MATED RUBIES.....by Mulloy Finnegan

"COME!" said the man who was cooking the bacon and eggs. And the man who opened the cabin door and came in out of the blasing sun said:

"I'd like to trouble you for a drink of water. We're putting in these telephone poles in the hills here and my partner's gone off somewhere with the water bottle."

"Help yourself," said the prospector, meaning his fork to an ice box in the further corner of the room. "Raise the lid. You'll find a bottle against the ice."

"Ice!" repeated the stranger. "I am in luck! Didn't know there was such a thing this side of the saloon. I certainly picked up the right cabin when I came hunting a drink of water."

"It's that ring," said the prospector, watching the hand that was pouring out the water. "It had to find its mate." He came over, and, setting down the platter of bacon and eggs, laid his own hand, back up, on the oilcloth-covered table. "There's its mate," he said.

"Strange!" said the other, putting his hand beside it.

On the little finger of each gleamed a single pigeon-blood ruby. The settings, too, were identical, of dead gold, rudely hammered out by hand.

"Mine has a flaw in it," said the telephone-pole man.

"So has mine," said the prospector; "the same flaw."

"I got mine in the Philippines," said the telephone-pole man; "from my bunkie. Won it in a poker game."

"And I got mine where your bunkie got it," said the prospector; "from our mother."

"Then you're—"

"Joe Balton's brother Dave," said the other.

"Gray is my name," said the other.

Next moment the two hands with the two ruby rings were clasping each other in mutual greeting.

"Poor Joe!" said Gray, pouring out some more water. "He was killed not long afterwar'."

"Yes," said his brother, putting more dishes on the table, "and we had him brought home for burial. But I often wondered what became of the ring. Sit down! If we're going to be friends, we might as well commence now."

In the course of the meal, Dave Balton told Harry Gray about the rings. Their mother, in whose family they had been for many generations, gave one to Dave and one to Joe, fondly hoping that they might keep the boys together. There was an old tradition that wherever one ring was the other was sure to show up sooner or later. Dave said, quite seriously, that the two rubies were always seeking each other, and never seemed to be satisfied unless they were together.

"Whether the rings had anything to do with it or not, the wearers became great friends. When Harry Gray got through with the telephone job, Dave Balton had him come and live in the little cabin, and the two men went prospecting together. They were inseparable. Every now and then they struck something, but no matter which of them found it, it always belonged to the two.

It wasn't long before the two friends struck something worth while. It put a few thousand dollars into the pockets of each of them.

"What are you going to do with your?" asked Dave.

"Oh, take another jolt around the world," said Gray. "I'm getting restless. Want to come along?"

"No," said Dave. "I'm going back—to marry the sweetest girl in New York!"

So they parted.

Dave's few thousands enabled him to open a brokerage office, where he made a specialty of mining stocks. He married the sweetest girl in New York, lived in an apartment in the '60s, and kept one maid. He was so happy that it was hard to believe any dead brother had ever figured in his love affairs.

He heard from his friend occasionally. A postcard came from China, then one from Australia; then one saying that he was trying to start a revolution in Nicaragua, failing which he was going down to Panama to see that the canal was dug right. That was the last. And when the baby came nobody knew where to find the would-



be godfather to acquaint him with the event.

The baby was a girl, but they called it Harry. Just the same. She was christened Harriet.

Little Harry was a year old, and could almost understand some of the things they tried to tell her about the godfather who was roaming the world, when her little life flickered and then went out entirely. She wasn't the only baby who died in New York that Sum-

mer, but she left an awful hole in the Balton family.

A calm had settled on it after its first grief—that stupid calm which makes people go about as if in a dream. In this condition Dave was turning out of Wall street when he ran into somebody.

"Look out where you're going!" said the man.

The next moment two hands with ruby rings were clasping each other in affectionate greeting. There were tears in both men's eyes as the sorrowing one tried to tell the other of his bereavement.

Dave took Harry Gray home and introduced him to Mrs. Balton, who made everything as pleasant as possible for her husband's friend.

He was with them about three days when a new trouble happened. Dave slipped on the sidewalk and broke his right arm. His wife was telephoned for and got to the hospital almost as quickly as he did.

"What did they do with my ring?" he asked, when he came out of the anesthetic and noticed the bare fingers that hung between the boards and bandages.

"I have it, dear, whispered his wife. 'I'll give it to you when we get home.' At the dinner-table that evening he noticed it on her hand when she was pouring out the coffee, but he didn't like to say anything before their guest.

Afterward he reached out his left hand and asked her to put the ring on it.

"Let me wear it for a few days," she pleaded childishly. "You used to, don't you remember?"

Then he remembered—but not till then—that he used to, and he felt less unkindly toward the dead brother.

"I'd rather you would not wear it," he said. "I don't want you to wear it."

She drew it off petulantly and threw it to him.

"Oh, I forgot," she said, coming over and slipping it on a finger of his well hand.

There it remained while he and the man who wore its mate went about together. For Dave took Harry Gray everywhere, even to the office, where he proved a valuable substitute for the disabled arm, till he announced a sudden determination to go to Alaska.

"Why, you just can't go away from us now," pleaded Dave. "We haven't taken you anywhere yet. Besides,"—he laughed, indicating the sling—"we can't get along without you."

"Oh, those boards 'll be off in a few days," replied Gray. "And you'll be all right again. Besides, I must go," he

persisted, "or I'll miss my boat. I've got to get to Eriebo by the 15th."

And so he went.

They expected to hear from him when he got to San Francisco, but they didn't. They saw him about the boat leaving there on the 15th, loaded with passengers for the new gold region in Alaska. And they saw, too, where it jammed into an iceberg and went to the bottom with all on board but five.

The names of the five were given. Harry Gray's was not among them.

Silent moods would come upon her, when Dave couldn't get a word out of her. Then, when he did, "Oh!" she'd say as if he had brought her back from somewhere.

She went downtown a great deal—to the matinee or shopping. When he could he would come uptown and have lunch with her, because he didn't like to have her going around so much alone. He would leave her at the door of the theater. Afterward she would seem to have forgotten what she saw; or, at other times, she was so full of the play that she overdid it.

She would start out to buy something and come home without having made the purchase. Once she didn't say as if he had brought her back from somewhere.

It was one of those sudden disappearances that happen now and then in a great city like New York. When 5,000,000 other people don't get lost it doesn't attract the attention it otherwise would after he did. He was neither a millionaire nor otherwise prominent, and, when they did, it soon blew over, except in his own heart.

He became an old man for his years and his neglected business went to the dogs. He kept the little apartment as long as he could for the wife who

might still come back to it. He would have it that she had suddenly lost her memory—or, perhaps, her reason—and would some day wake up and come looking for him. Hope is hard to kill.

He hoped for five long years, and when there was no more of his hard-earned money left—for he was not making any more, and detestable dog-work for nothing—he took what he could get for his stored household things and again went West to forget.

Great changes had taken place in the years of his absence. He had kept track of things by watching the mining camps, but he was little prepared for the cities that had grown out of the sand. Many of the old camps, too, had died out entirely.

He met an old prospector at Goldfield.

"Come over and stop with me a while," said the prospector. "I have a ranch in Death Valley. I've quit mining and am raising Angora goats."

They went along through Tule Canyon in his machine.

"This is the only way to travel," said Dave's new friend. "Look at some of the other ways! Along this trail before—on foot—seeking gold, then water. All the gold in the world wouldn't have bought it for them!"

He was pointing to the bones along the way—bones of man and bones of beast, bleaching under the desert sun. Dave was surprised when they got to his friend's ranch. It was an oasis in the desert, with plenty of water and vegetation, and plenty of harmless Indians, who did the work about the place in a shiftless, lazy way; for even the osels was bet.

Sometimes he would go out with his friend and the goats on the hillsides. At other times he would take the machine and one or two of the Indians, and go prospecting for some of the fabulous wealth believed to be hidden under the bone-bordered sand. Not that he desired to find it.

He saw more than one heap of bones that told the story of a tragedy. Here and there were fragments of clothing still clinging to the short brush, where the wearers had discarded first one

(Concluded on Page 2.)